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A Nutley resident and retiree who until the Covid-19 restrictions was helping a friend in his business deliver radiator covers to private residencies, businesses and schools in Newark and surrounding towns. These weeks of isolation allowed for the composition and completion of the following two pieces on the dates indicated at their conclusion.

Noli Me Tangere

The trek alone meandered about
Considerate tacking crushed the buttercups
Heavy footfalls depressed virgin soil
A stretch of it required doubling back
Tango and cha cha steps suited the strut
A zig as she zagged as if playing tag
A twisting torque that would pry a cork
An athletic juke that raised the arena's roof
This jaunt had no purpose or destination to gain
Stir crazy isolation grabbed hold of angry feet
The blaring warnings glaring shunning stole
Bore a hole complete in a heavy heart.

George Marano, March 21, 2020 (86)

Isolated Thoughts

Self isolation, forced sequestering and social distancing have left a barren pelagic wake. The mind draws a blank since the eyes have gone blind and ears deaf. How much can one write in anger about this new fate everyone's been dealt? Nature is there for observed enjoyment but its punctuated with gaps of a turned worried head instead looking at who's coming up from behind or crossing over to the otherside out of deference to the new normal cushion. One, two, three, red light is the new game moderated by the governors as we're all frozen in place and the re-startup is a constantly moving line in the sand erased further into a fluid future without a known vanishing point. The ship of state is not visible on the horizon when it is steered by a fool and his blame game. Pessimism is the ghoul under the bed, in the closet we're hiding from but the adult voices in the room are trying to flatten the gloom and while not happening soon enough for some, this too shall pass, and hopefully we'll come out the otherside more attuned to a collective self.

George Marano, April 5, 2020 (192)